

The Mirror

OF

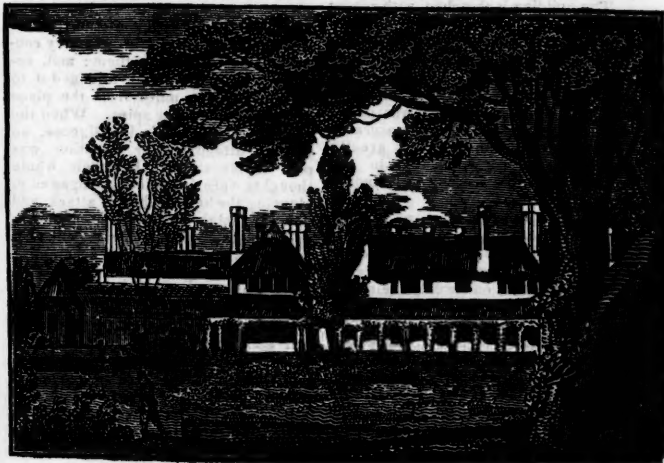
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LX.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

The King's Cottage, Windsor.



In No. 52, of the Mirror, we gave an Engraving and historical account of Windsor Castle, and we now present our readers with a view of His Majesty's Cottage in Windsor Park.

The charms of rural retirement are naturally no less inviting to the highest than to the middle classes; and to them indeed its enjoyment must be infinitely augmented by the effect of its unrestrained contrast with the stateliness of elevated life.

For the purposes of devoting hours of comparative leisure to such repose of the mind; to participate in the healthfulness afforded by pure air, and something of the advantages of a country life, this cottage was erected by his present Majesty, in Windsor Great Park, near to the Sand-pit gate, one of its chief entrances. The road passes on one side of the cottage domain, and on the other commences that noble avenue, three miles in length, called the Long Walk, presenting in its course a variety of lovely views, and at its termination, the dignified contour of the castle.

Vol. II.

The Cottage is placed on the site of Frost's Lodge, the residence of Mr. T. Sandby, the architect, who was sub-ranger of the forest, and a great favourite with his late Majesty, who honoured him by the employment of his professional talent, in designing and erecting various ornamental buildings in the park and forest, which are yet objects of considerable approbation. The addition to Virginia Water, with its embellishments, and the formation of the admirable cascade over which that water falls, as viewed from the Bagshot-road, was also a work of his late Majesty.

The present building was designed by Mr. Nash, the king's architect, and he has called to his aid the most interesting features of cottage architecture, combining them with considerable judgment, having in view to conceal its actual magnitude, which is incongruous with cottage architecture, and yet essential to the demands inseparable from its dignified appropriation. The arrangement of the plantations in the immediate vicinity of the building has

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been successfully made to produce this diminishing result: they are so disposed as to separate the views of the building, and form them into select portions and picturesque effects, which, as the spectator changes his station, present renewed and interesting objects, diversified by oppositions of light, shade, and colour, and tastefully embellished with rich foliage.

The building is thatched with reeds; the windows are mullioned, and inclosed by casements; the bows and projections create effective shadows and picturesque combinations; the gate on the side and its fences are formed of unbarked woods; and the lawns, paths, and plantations add very pleasurable interest to the scene, which is greatly increased by being situated in the midst of the noble scenery of Windsor Park.

Our engraving represents an extended view of the lawn front, as seen beneath the branches of the foreground plantations, and exhibits the suite of chief apartments, onward to their termination by the conservatory at the western end. A verandah, or thatched covered-way, to the south, supported by stems of trees, extends along the entire front, over which are trained selected varieties of honeysuckle and other flowering crespers. The apartments are well proportioned, and communicate by folding doors: above them are the principal bed and dressing-rooms; and at the back is a series of offices, suited to the establishment. The grounds are inclosed by park-paling, and have been laid out with considerable taste. The whole is amply supplied with water, but it has necessarily been obtained at the depth of 350 feet.

MASSACRE OF ESQUIMAUX BY THE INDIANS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—The inclosed narrative of a shocking massacre committed by a band of North American Indians, on a part of the Esquimaux, accidentally attracted my attention among a parcel of other papers, soon after I had perused your judicious abstract of the different attempts hitherto made to discover a North-West Passage. As it illustrates some part of your statement, and particularly as it appears to account for the superstitious opinion of the Esquimaux, that the Indians were produced by the "Evil Spirit," perhaps you may think its perusal would gratify your readers.

This account, as you will be aware, is extracted from the interesting narrative, by Mr. Samuel Hearne, of his Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, alluded to in your Supplementary Number, p. 426.

I am, &c. KALEB.

It being about noon, the three men, who had been sent as spies, met us on their return, and informed my companions, that five tents of Esquimaux were on the west-side of the river.—The situation, they said, was very convenient for surprising them; and, according to their account, I judged it to be about twelve miles from the place at which we met the spies. When the Indians received this intelligence, no farther attendance or attention was paid to my survey; but their whole thoughts were immediately engaged in planning the best method of attack, and how they might steal on the poor Esquimaux the ensuing night, and kill them all while asleep. To accomplish this bloody design more effectually, the Indians thought it necessary to cross the river as soon as possible; and, by the account of the spies, it appeared that no part was more convenient for the purpose than that where we had met them, it being there very smooth, and at a considerable distance from any fall. Accordingly, after the Indians had put all their guns, spears, targets, &c. in good order, we crossed the river, which took up some time.

When we arrived on the west-side of the river, each painted the front of his target or shield: some with the figure of the sun, others with that of the moon, several with different kinds of birds and beasts of prey, and many with the images of imaginary beings; which, according to their silly notions, are the inhabitants of the different elements, earth, sea, air, &c.

On inquiring the reason of their doing so, I learned that each man painted his shield with the image of that being on which he relied most for success in the intended engagement. Some were contented with a single representation; while others, doubtful, as I suppose, of the quality and power of any single being, had their shields covered to the very margin with a group of hieroglyphicks, quite unintelligible to every one except the painter. Indeed, from the hurry in which this business was necessarily done, the want of every colour but red and black, and the deficiency of skill in the artist, most of those paintings had more the appearance of a number of accidental blotches, than

"of any thing that is on the earth, or in the water under the earth;" and, though some few of them conveyed a tolerable idea of the thing intended, yet even these were many degrees worse than our country sign-paintings in England.

When this piece of superstition was completed, we began to advance toward the Esquimaux tents; but were very careful to avoid crossing any hills, or talking loud, for fear of being seen or overheard by the inhabitants; by which means, the distance was not only much greater than it otherwise would have been, but, for the sake of keeping in the lowest grounds, we were obliged to walk through entire swamps of stiff marly clay, sometimes up to the knees. Our course, however, on this occasion, though very serpentine, was not altogether so remote from the river as entirely to exclude me from a view of it the whole way: on the contrary, several times, according to the situation of the ground, we advanced so near it, as to give me an opportunity of convincing myself that it was as un-navigable as it was in those parts which I had surveyed before, and which entirely corresponded with the accounts given of it by the spies.

It is, perhaps, worth remarking, that my crew, though an undisciplined rabble, and by no means accustomed to war or command, seemingly acted on this horrid occasion with the utmost uniformity of sentiment. There was not among them the least altercation or separate opinion; all were united in the general cause, and as ready to follow where Matonabee led, as he appeared to be ready to lead, according to the advice of an old Copper Indian, who had joined us on our first arrival at the river where this bloody business was first proposed.

Never was reciprocity of interest more generally regarded among a number of people, than it was on the present occasion by my crew, for not one was a moment in want of any thing that another could spare; and, if ever the spirit of disinterested friendship expanded the heart of a Northern Indian, it was here exhibited in the most extensive meaning of the word. Property of every kind, that could be of general use, now ceased to be private; and every one who had any thing which came under that description, seemed proud of an opportunity of giving it, or lending it, to those who had none, or were most in want of it.

The number of my crew was so much

greater than that which five tents could contain, and the warlike manner in which they were equipped, so greatly superior to what could be expected of the poor Esquimaux, that no less than a total massacre of every one of them was likely to be the case, unless Providence should work a miracle for their deliverance.

The land was so situated, that we walked under cover of the rocks and hills till we were within two hundred yards of the tents. There we lay in ambush for some time, watching the motions of the Esquimaux; and here the Indians would have advised me to stay till the fight was over, but to this I could by no means consent; for I considered, that when the Esquimaux came to be surprised, they would try every way to escape; and if they found me alone, not knowing me from an enemy, they would probably proceed to violence against me when no person was near to assist. For this reason, I determined to accompany them, telling them at the same time, that I would not have any hand in the murder they were about to commit, unless I found it necessary for my own safety. The Indians were not displeased at this proposal: one of them immediately fixed me a spear, and another lent me a broad bayonet, for my protection; but, at that time, I could not be provided with a target, nor did I want to be encumbered with such an unnecessary piece of lumber.

While we lay in ambush, the Indians performed the last ceremonies which were thought necessary before the engagement. These chiefly consisted in painting their faces; some all black, some all red, and others with a mixture of the two; and, to prevent their hair from blowing into their eyes, it was either tied before and behind, and on both sides, or else cut short all round. The next thing they considered, was to make themselves as light as possible for running, which they did, by pulling off their stockings, and either cutting off the sleeves of their jackets, or rolling them up close to their arm-pits; and though the musketoes at the same time were so numerous as to surpass all credibility, yet some of the Indians actually pulled off their jackets, and entered the lists quite naked, except their breech-cloths and shoes. Fearing I might have occasion to run with the rest, I thought it also advisable to pull off my stockings and cap, and to tie my hair as close up as possible.

By the time the Indians had made, themselves thus completely frightful,

it was near one o'clock in the morning of the seventeenth; when, finding all the Esquimaux quiet in their tents, they rushed forth from their ambuscade, and fell on the poor unsuspecting creatures, unperceived, till close at the very eaves of their tents, when they soon began the bloody massacre, while I stood neuter in the rear.

In a few seconds, the horrible scene commenced; it was shocking beyond description: the poor unhappy victims were surprized in the midst of their sleep, and had neither time nor power to make any resistance; men, women, and children, in all upwards of twenty, ran out of their tents stark naked, and endeavoured to make their escape; but the Indians having possession of all the land-side, to no place could they fly for shelter. One alternative only remained, that of jumping into the river, but as none of them attempted it, they all fell a sacrifice to Indian barbarity!

The shrieks and groans of the poor expiring wretches were truly dreadful; and my horror was much increased at seeing a young girl, seemingly about eighteen years of age, killed so near me, that when the first spear was stuck into her side, she fell down at my feet, and twisted round my legs, so that it was with difficulty that I could disengage myself from her dying grasp.—As two Indian men pursued this unfortunate victim, I solicited very hard for her life, but the murderers made no reply, till they had stuck both their spears through her body, and transfixed her to the ground. They then looked me sternly in the face, and began to ridicule me, by asking if I wanted an Esquimaux wife; and paid not the smallest regard to the shrieks and agony of the poor wretch who was twining round their spears like an eel! Indeed, after receiving much abusive language from them on the occasion, I was at length obliged to desire that they would be more expeditious in dispatching the victim out of her misery, otherwise I should be obliged, out of pity, to assist in the friendly office of putting an end to the existence of a fellow-creature who was so cruelly wounded. On this request being made, one of the Indians hastily drew his spear from the place where it was first lodged, and pierced it through her breast near the heart. The love of life, however, even in this most miserable state, was so predominant, that though this might justly be called the most merciful act that could be done for the poor creature, it seemed to be unwelcome; for,

though much exhausted by pain and loss of blood, she made several efforts to ward off the friendly blow. My situation, and the terror of my mind at beholding this butchery, cannot easily be conceived, much less described: though I summed up all the fortitude I was master of on the occasion, it was with difficulty that I could refrain from tears; and I am confident, that my features must have feelingly expressed how sincerely I was affected at the barbarous scene I then witnessed; even at this hour, I cannot reflect on the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears.

THE FAIRY AND THE SCISSORS.

A FABLE.

*Written in 1780 by a Naval Officer.**

The world at length this truth respects
"From little causes great effects:"
Small acorns bury'd in the earth,
To mighty branching oaks give birth:
A spark of fire destroys a town,
And silk worm's bags become a gown;
But he who doubts of what I say,
May find it true some future day:
And as it is in prudence right,
To guard against a stormy night,
Let him peruse my tale alarm'd,
The proverb says "forewarn'd fore-
arm'd."

It happen'd on a summer's day,
When balmy breezes lightly play,
A Fairy in a gamesome mood,
Resolv'd to quit the mazy wood;
And not determin'd where to stray,
At once to Chance commits her way;
And Chance that ever has a spite,
And is to lovers unpolite,
Conducts the elf where Lucy lives,
And entrance to her chamber gives.

Yet some dare say that I defame,
That Chance was not at all to blame:
For zephyr bore her on his wing,
And thro' some inlet safe did bring—
But be this as it pleases Fame,
She into Lucy's closet came;
And looking round with eager eyes,
A tambour frame she soon descries,
Doubtful for what it could be meant,
Rather than on some mischief bent;

* Our esteemed correspondent Edgar, to whom we are indebted for this sprightly bagatelle, which he discovered in looking over the papers of a naval officer of some literary celebrity, who died many years ago, expresses his belief that it has never been printed: that it is worthy of the honour, we doubt not all our readers will allow.—Eds.

The Faery takes a nearer view,
And while she look'd more curious
grew ;
Had Lucy luckily been near,
The whole affair had ended here ;
The Muses too had had no need
To linger o'er the little deed ;
But she who lets not toil oppress,
Was gone away in time to dress,
And left her tools some here, some
there,
Sure token of the giddy fair.

The elf some time admir'd the foil,
The nice extended silken toil,
The pencil line so neatly faint,
And shades of silk that vied with paint,
Till all in rapture at the sight,
She went to work with all her might.

In hand she takes the mounted steel,
The scissors too, and tight wound reel,
And if report for once say true,
It was a reel of rosebud hue ;
But in her hurry to begin,
She of her finger cut the skin ;
And now her project at a stand,
Down dropt the scissors from her hand,
Her little breast with fury beat,
Her redd'ning cheeks with ire replete,
And eyes that glisten'd thro' a tear,
All show'd that just revenge was near ;
A small shrill voice the silence broke,
And thus the scissors she bespoke :

" Ill-fated things, my foes to be,
Take now a curse severe from me ;
A fatal present ye shall prove,
And cut the silken bands of love ;
Where'er the fairies pow'r extends,
Shall part the dearest, kindest friends,
And all who take such gift shall wail,
The issue of my suff'ring tale."

This said a gentle breeze she sipt,
And from the fatal closet tript :
Thro' woods and vales to seek around,
A balmy leaf to heal the wound.

OBSERVATIONS ON PUGILISM.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—I flatter myself that but little apology is necessary, at this period, for calling the attention of your numerous readers, to the prevalence and increased practice of pugilism. As your columns are devoted to objects of usefulness, and ever open to purposes calculated for the diminution of any existing evil, I anxiously hope that a spare corner of your valuable and widely-circulated miscellany, will be afforded me.

It is probably well remembered that some few years back, the brutal custom and practice of bull-baiting, was carried on in this country to a most enor-

mous and alarming extent. So much so, that frequently the lives of individuals were exposed to great danger. This practice has happily subsided ;—but whether its discontinuance is in consequence of its prohibition by law, or whether it is to be considered as an enlightened feature in the manners and moral complexion of society, I am unable to say. I had much rather ascribe it to the latter suggestion ; but I am fearful that from the increased prevalence of pugilism, it discovers nothing of an improvement in the habits and dispositions of this class of individuals. It appears to me, that one evil has merely been exchanged for another. Pitted combats are daily to be witnessed—*collected thousands* are there gathered together, and gaze upon these spectacles of brutality with applauding delight and pleasure. It is not required that, in order to convince ourselves of this appalling fact, we should attend the place of exhibition, since our journals give ample testimony of their existence. And it is much to be regretted that occurrences so repugnant to the pure feelings of humanity, and so offensive to a sense of delicacy and propriety, should, however much they may rage without doors, be brought, through the medium of a newspaper, to the home of peace and tranquillity. I know it will be said by the supporters of this art, that it is a manly exercise—that it displays courageous feeling—magnanimous disposition of heart—fine sport—diversion, &c. and that it transcendently shows our strength and firmness of mind, harmonizing in the true spirit of the illustrious feats of our ancestors and predecessors. This reasoning is abhorrent to the feelings of humanity. Is it courageous to give the hand as a token of friendship before battle, whilst the passions raging within the opponent's breast, are those of a desire to conquer, and which feelings must be created and nurtured with anger—perhaps malice ?—is it courageous to witness the downfall of a fellow-creature covered with bruises and bloody wounds ?—is it diversion consistent with the dictates of humanity, and free from the stain of malignity ?—is it a pleasure to behold a fellow-mortal, subjected to the most severe punishment which man's physical strength can inflict ?

The practice of Pugilism is an enormous evil, since it increases the appetite for gaming, and betting, and hence proceed a numerous train of important mischievous dispositions. But

the public mind is too forcibly reminded of the fatal effects of gambling at this moment to render it necessary that I should dwell on them. It is also to be remarked that these "Gentlemen of the Fancy," as the advocates of pugilism call themselves, have a peculiar language and dialect, which is in general use with them, and denominated their *slang*. I am inclined to favour the opinion, that this technical phraseology is indirectly injurious to the literature of our country. Its aphorisms are liable to be blended with the native purity of our language, and thus contaminate its streams with the currents of hypothetical idioms. I remember somewhere to have heard suggestions for the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I much regret that I have heard nothing more of it, for although this species of cruelty is not immediately in connection with the cruelty of men towards each other, I cannot refrain from expressing my approbation of such an establishment, as it would tend to eradicate that ferocity of heart, which so disgracefully separates this class of individuals from the supporters of peaceable society. I would not desire that the legislature should adopt any other measures for the prevention of this practice than those which are in existence, but merely suggest that the Magistrates would rigidly enforce the directions and penalties of those acts. However, waving all these considerations, I will assert my firm conviction, *that it is only to the humane and proper feelings of mankind that we ought to appeal*. Let every journal which now so fully narrates those disgusting spectacles, hold them up to the notice of the country, as objects of detestation—as unfit scenes for a civilized land—as an odium upon the face of society, and as a practice more becoming a tribe of ferocious savages, than a diversion for the gratification and amusement of Englishmen; and then we shall soon see pugilism sink into neglect, and in time be entirely abandoned.

From a cursory view of the habits and manners of these amateurs of boxing repute, it might seem that its practice originated in ignorance and brutish stupidity of mind. But such is not the case. Their lives are devoted to the perfection of the art, and their subsistence depends upon obtained victory. Neither can many of the assembled thousands who frequent these scenes, be men, visiting them from mere curi-

osity and novelty, as the immense bets which are dependent upon the fate of the battle, decidedly convince us that men of rank and opulence are the principal abettors. Thus it is sufficiently obvious, that the practice of pugilism exists not only in the lowest orders of society, but is even *patronized* by men of authority and of celebrity in the empire. The worse the example, the more lamentable the reflection. No man of feeling can hesitate to pronounce it to be the curse of society, since the blessings of peace and of social order are trampled under foot by it, and a subversion of humanity and sympathy are naturally the result of its tendencies and bearings. There have been instances in which the life of the pugilist has yielded to the dreadful fury of the conflict. "He who wantonly puts to death a fellow creature," says an intelligent writer, "is guilty of murder; and he who puts a fellow creature to death without knowing why, is equally guilty; the cause may be good, but if he knows it not, he is a murderer. No casuistry can save him from the guilt of it."

I am fearful I am now trespassing on the limits of your indulgence, and will therefore leave this subject to every considerate mind, and doubt not that the enormous evils emanating from this display of wanton barbarity, will at once convince them of its manifest operations upon society. That pugilism is offensive to feelings of delicacy, and is calculated to strengthen the ebullitions of passion, is obvious. To remedy, then, this disgusting practice, it behoves every man to hold it up to indignation and scorn. For Great Britain to be the theatre of these ferocious atrocities and these inhuman brutalities, is to cloud its national character with the darkness and besotted ignorance of a degenerate age. To reflect that our fields in the nineteenth century are disgraced with such spectacles, and that these brutal displays of boxing are for the diversion and amusement of THOUSANDS OF BRITONS, is both lamentable and derogatory to the high perfection of its arts, its literature, and generally esteemed purity and refinement of manners. If this evil cannot be altogether counteracted by appeals to the feelings of men, it is to be hoped that attempts to prevent its streams from flowing into the channels of society, will be in some degree efficacious, and thus protect the bosoms of every peaceable individual from increased

insult and disgust. As long as society exists, let it be subjected to the laws and government of society; and, as it is the confines of our happiness, let us not brutalize its inmates with displays of inhuman passions and barbarous tumults.

Nov. 16, 1823.

S. R.

HOT AND COLD;

OR, THE POET'S EPISTLES.

Genus irritabile vatum.

A poor Poet being desirous of a Cask of Ale, sent the following Epistle to a Brewer named Diot:

Dyot! brewer of good ale,
May thy custom never fail:
How I love a pint of thine,
Clear as amber, rich as wine.
While I sip, it flows along,
Sweetly o'er my pleased tongue,
Making every trouble cease,
Lulling soft my soul to peace.
Thy delicious beverage
Makes a youth of crippled age,
Banishes all misery,
And sets the loaded bosom free.
Let me whisper in thine ear.
Send me, friend! a cask of beer.

To this gentle hint the Brewer paid no attention, and the Poet, in revenge, thus lets loose upon him the storm of his indignation.

Hail! thou cause of aches and pains,
Hail! destroyer of men's brains;
Hail! thou origin of riot,
Hail! thou fat and vulgar Dyot;
A beast thyself, thou makest others
Look just like thy beastly brothers:
'Tis thy prerogative to steep
The souls of men in swinish sleep;
Bodies are by thee enlarged,
Heads are palsied, stomachs charg'd.
Pleurisies, asthmatic breath,
Gout and want, and sudden death,
Madness, fevers, misery,
Of every kind, arise from thee:
Drink, wicked wretch, thy poisonous
ale,
Drink till you burst, and go to H—l.

THE ELEPHANT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the year 1816 a fine elephant, which had long been known in the principal towns of the United States, where it was exhibited, was wantonly killed by a ruffian who fired at it. The *National Intelligencer*, after some reflections on the brutal act, gives the following anecdotes of the docile animal.

The elephant so inhumanly killed at Massachusetts, was for some time confined in a small and uncomfortable place, where a temporary shed was erected for him. The weather was extremely hot, and the sensibility of the poor animal had been frequently tortured by the cries of distress proceeding from a dog belonging to his master, on whom the visitants inflicted pain, to witness the distress of his gigantic protector. At every cry the elephant would groan; and when the dog was admitted to his presence again, he would pass his foot slightly over the back of the animal, as if he endeavoured to soothe his sufferings. Having been often irritated in this manner, the animal grew furious and ungovernable at last, and his proboscis flew in rapid circles, denouncing vengeance on the persecutors of his humble friend. He repeatedly smote with his trunk the boards that formed his prison; he first touched them with the extremity of his proboscis, by way of ascertaining the strength of his confinement; finding the resistance still effectual, he rolled it into a partial knot, and struck a harder blow—this assault was likewise unsuccessful; the coil was redoubled, and the assault made with augmented violence, but not sufficient to demolish his prison walls. Repeated experiments of this kind were made, and at every abortive effort the size of the weapon of offence and the strength of the blow were redoubled. At length, gathering up his proboscis into a circular compact knot, he smote the wall with all his might, and the boards flew like feathers before the blast, and he stood at once emancipated and enlarged.

His generous friendship for the dog was of a character truly surprising. Patient, mild, and forbearing under personal injuries, as if conscious of the plenitude of his might, he would not suffer with the same quietude an injury offered to this humble friend. Confined, as he once was, in a ferry boat, for the security of the passengers, they deemed that this dog might with impunity be assaulted. They began to torture the dog, and the cries reached the ears of the elephant. Resentment is fertile in finding out means of annoyance, and so it was proved on the present occasion. The assailants were beyond the reach of his trunk, but the water was near. Extending his proboscis into the river, he absorbed great quantities into his chest, which he immediately emptied through the same channel, into the boat. He began to work leisurely in

the business of drowning the whole company at first, apparently not apprehending any counteracting exertion; but when he observed two hands employed in baling the water out, who at length became alarmed for their safety, he redoubled his exertions, pouring larger quantities of water, and with more rapidity, in his draughts, as if to accomplish his object. The men employed to bale the water were obliged to redouble their alacrity also; but in this strange contest for superiority, the boat reached the land before the victory was decided. This fact we have from one of the company, who was a trembling witness of the spectacle. How wonderful was the docility of this noble creature? How often has he, as if endeavouring to shew with what dexterity the animal next in dignity to man could imitate the actions of man—how often has he uncorked a porter bottle with the skill of a tapster, and then, as a satire on wine-bibbers, emptied the whole contents at a draught.

This elephant once acted a felonious part. It was customary for his visitors to place cakes of gingerbread in their pockets, and to approach this animal, to observe with what dexterity he would rifle and gormandize the contents of these recesses, by the agency of his trunk. From this fact the elephant drew the sage conclusion, that every pocket was made for his accommodation, and that they always contained gingerbread, and nothing else. A gentleman was once standing behind him, whose pocket was in the reach of his proboscis, which, without any sort of ceremony, and without even an apology for his impertinence, the animal proceeded to rifle. He found there something of about the weight, size, dimensions, shape, and colour of a cake of gingerbread, and having so many evidences before him, was not very scrupulous in his inquiries. Probably remembering the lines of Shakspeare, "thou com'st in such a questionable shape, that I will call thee gingerbread," he swallowed it without hesitation; it was only a pocket-book, containing a comfortable variety of bank-notes, confidential letters, and undrawn tickets in a lottery.

To these anecdotes of the elephant of Massachusetts we shall add a few remarks on the elephant generally.

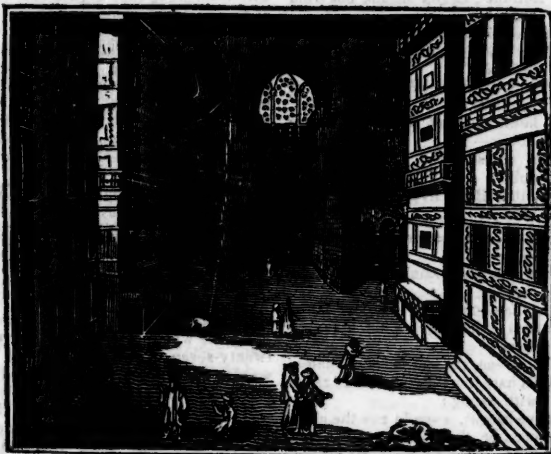
The manner in which these creatures ford rivers, is peculiarly remarkable. Unwilling to exert themselves more than the occasion requires, they walk upon the bottom until the waters cover

their heads. Then they elevate their trunks above the surface, and being supplied with a proper quantity of air through these organs, continue their submarine journey unimpeded. The top of the trunk is often seen moving in quiet and confidence athwart the stream, as if by an involuntary motion, while its owner remains in security below. When the depth will no longer allow of this enjoyment, then, and not till then, the head of this majestic animal rises to view, so peculiarly solicitous does he appear not to exert himself beyond the emergency of the case. It is likewise worthy of remark, the manner in which the elephants fight the rhinoceros. They are determined and inveterate enemies to each other, and the first blow decides the battle. The rhinoceros, it is well known, is of a size much smaller than his antagonist, and runs between his legs. If he escapes the blow of the proboscis, he will, by means of the horn with which nature has surmounted his nose, rip open the belly of the elephant: if he receives the blow, he lies motionless at his feet, a breathless body. See now the manner in which the elephant prepares himself for the reception of his formidable antagonist. In all other cases, he elevates his club when he meditates a deadly blow. In the present instance, it would give to his enemy an unnecessary advantage; it would leave the passage between his fore legs unguarded. The sagacious animal seems sensible of this, and lowering his head, lays his proboscis between his fore legs, to its whole extent, and waits for the arrival of his foe. At the moment of his arrival the receding blow is given, which, while it guards him from the horn, lays his enemy prostrate in the dust: his proboscis is thus rendered at one and the same instant of time an engine both of assault and defence. When annoyed by the flies in their passage through a forest, they will pluck with their trunks a bough, and whip the insects away, with all the dexterity of a beau with his pocket-handkerchief; they have even been seen with these fans soliciting the presence of the zephyr, with as maiden an effeminacy as if their delicate frame would tan under the influence of the solar beams.

EPITAPH.

Stay, reader, stay, and well consider
If you are ready to come hither:
Whether thou art or not, thou must
Soon be mould'ring into dust.

The Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople.



The mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, is one of the most splendid temples ever erected, either by a Christian or a heathen people—the Temple of Solomon excepted; and almost incredible histories of this edifice, may be found in the Byzantine writers, whence the modern Greeks indulge in the most extravagant notions of its decided superiority over any church in the known world.

The first church dedicated to the "Inspired Wisdom," by Constantine the Great, was reduced to ashes during the reign of Justinian; when the foundations of the present structure were laid, and in eight years and five months it was completed, at an expense of three hundred and twenty thousand pounds of gold or silver (for antiquarians are uncertain). It was built by Anthemius, of Tralles, the most celebrated architect of his day, assisted by Isidorus, of Miletus. Reserving, as we must do for our next Number, a more circumstantial description of this celebrated Mosque, we shall at present merely state, that the form of the building is quadrangular; the length from east to west 370 feet; the breadth from north to south 240 feet. The cupola rests on pillars of marble. The four minarets were added by the Turkish Emperor Selim II. The interior of the church, though many ornaments

have been defaced by the Turks, still retains much of its original grandeur. The pavement is entirely of marble, worked in different ornamental compartments. The building appears to the greatest advantage when illuminated for a Turkish festival. All the interior of the dome is lined with Mosaic, disposed into figures and ornamental work.

The mosque of St. Sophia has now lasted 1200 years, during which time it has suffered much from earthquakes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE LIFE OF COLONEL DANIEL BOON.

Of all men, saving Sylla, the man-slayer,

Who passes for in life and death most lucky,

Of the great names which in our faces stare,

The General Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky,

Was happiest among mortals any where;

For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he

Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days

Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him—she is not
the child

Of solitude; health shrank not from
him—for

Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death
be more

Their choice than life, forgive them, as
beguiled

By habit to what their own hearts
abhor—

In cities caged. The present case in
point I

Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to
ninety;

And what's still stranger, left behind a
name

For which men vainly decimate the
throng,

Not only famous, but of that good fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern
song—

Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge
with wrong;

An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run
wild.

BYRON.

The memoir of Colonel Boon is a novelty in this country; the history of only part of his singular career has been published on the other side of the Atlantic, and that has never yet reached England. Boon originally belonged to the state of North Carolina, where he cultivated a farm. In company with other individuals he left that province in 1769, and journeyed to a river that falls into the Ohio, with a view of settling upon it. The spot which he chose was situated in the state of Kentucky, in which he thus became the first settler. He began by erecting a house, surrounded by a stockade or close palisado, formed of the square trunks of trees, placed close together and sunk deep in the earth, a precaution absolutely necessary to be taken in a frontier settlement continually exposed to the attacks of the native Indians. This fort, as the Americans call such defences, was situated about seventy-five miles from the present town of Frankfort, and the party gave it the name of Fort Boonsborough; and thus was formed the primitive settlement of the state of Kentucky, which now has a population of 564,317. He entered his lands and secured them, as he imagined, so as to give him a safe title, and was completely established in them in the year 1775. He seems, however, to have experienced various attacks

from hostile tribes of Indians. At this place, with no common resolution, and with a fortitude that argued him to be of the order of superior men, far removed from military success, in a wild and savage forest, and with a constant fear of attack from a ferocious enemy, he steadily and undauntedly proceeded to mature his plans. When his little fort was completed, he removed his establishment to it from North Carolina, conducting thither his wife and daughters, the first white females that had ever trod on the shores of the Kentucky river. He was soon joined by four or five other families, and thirty or forty men settlers. They had several times repulsed the attacks of the Indians with bloodshed; and at length, while making salt from some brine springs at no great distance from his home, he was surprised, together with twenty-seven of his settlers, by upwards of a hundred, who were on their march to renew their attacks on his infant colony. He capitulated with them on condition that their lives should be spared, and they were immediately marched away to an Indian town on the Miami river, a long distance off, and finally conducted to the British governor, Hamilton, at Detroit, the Indians scrupulously abiding by the terms on which Boon had surrendered to them. These sons of nature, however, got so attached to their prisoner on their march, that they would not resign him to the British governor, nor even part with him for a hundred pounds generously offered for him by the British officers, in order that he might return home to his family; but leaving his fellow-settlers behind, they took him away with them again, adopted him into the family of one of their chiefs, and allowed him to hunt or spend his time in the way most agreeable to his inclination. One day he went with them to make salt, when he met with four hundred and fifty warriors painted and armed, and ready to set out against Fort Boonsborough. He immediately determined, at a great risk of his life, to make his escape, trembling as he was for the fate of his family and settlement. In four days he reached Boonsborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, making only one meal by the way. Not a minute was to be lost, and he began to strengthen his log defences and fortify himself as strongly as possible. The Indians, finding he had escaped, delayed their attack; and having received a reinforcement of men, in which

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were a few troops, he determined to brave all dangers and defend himself to the last. At length a ferocious Indian army made its appearance. Boon encouraged his little garrison to maintain an obstinate defence, death being preferable to captivity, though his hope of resisting with success was but faint. The cruel and savage enemy also, they might well calculate, would become doubly enraged by a protracted resistance; but like brave men, determined to let fate do its worst and think nothing of final consequences, they let the Indian chief know their resolution. Upon this the latter demanded a parley with nine of the garrison; articles were proposed for an arrangement without bloodshed; but on signing them they were told it was the Indian custom to shake hands with each other by way of sealing their engagement. On complying, each Indian grappled his man in order to make him prisoner, but, by a miracle, eight out of the nine succeeded in extricating themselves, Boon being among the number, and they got safe into their garrison. A furious attack was now made upon the fort, which lasted nine days and nights, during which only two men were killed and four wounded by the besiegers, who in return suffered severely, and the logs of the fort were stuck full of the bullets which they fired. At length hostilities ceasing, Boon's wife, who on his first captivity supposing him killed, had set off with her family on horseback through the woods a long and dangerous distance into North Carolina, was fetched back by her husband a second time to his new residence, where he hoped for the future to pursue his peaceful occupations unmolested. His sufferings and perils had been great, but his courage and constancy had surmounted them all, and he had just reason to calculate at last upon a period of repose.

Boon, however, was not to end his days amid the advantages of social life. His horoscope had been cast, and discovered no small portion of malign influence. His courage and constancy, under the severest trials; his long and unremitting labours, in perfecting his infant settlement, almost entitled him to a civic crown; but how different was his reward! After his exemplary labours, after spending the best part of an honest life in rearing and providing for a numerous family, and having arrived at that period of existence when he might reasonably expect to enjoy the fruit of his exer-

tions, and obtain some return for the fatigues and hazards of his preceding life, too old to begin another settlement, and that which he had begun so many years before in the heart of the wilderness, looking smiling around him, the prop of his old age, the pride of his hoary years, his family's hope when he should be laid low—he suddenly finds that he is possessed of nothing, that his eyes must be closed without a home, and that he must be an outcast in his grey hairs. His heart is torn, his feelings are lacerated by the chicanery of the law, which discovers that there is a defect in his title to the land of which he was the first settler, even in a state where no white man had put in the spade before him. Perhaps his thriving farm was envied by some new adventurer. The discovery was fatal to his happiness. While he fondly believed that his title was indisputable, his land was taken from him, his goods were sold, and he was deprived of his all. The province had been rapidly settling by his countrymen, and increasing civilization was accompanied by those vices which are its never-failing attendants. Knavery, in every form, marched with it; interest, at any sacrifice of honour and justice, became the reigning principle. The law, which in all countries inflicts nearly as much evil as it prevents, was made an instrument to dispossess him of his property, and he saw himself a wanderer and an outcast. His past labour, even to blood, had been in vain. Cut to the soul, with a wounded spirit, he still showed himself an extraordinary and eccentric man. He left for ever the state in which he had been the first to introduce a civilized population—where he had so boldly maintained himself against external attacks, and shown himself such an industrious and exemplary citizen; where he found no white man when he sat himself down amid the ancient woods, and left behind him half a million. He forsook it for ever; no intreaty could keep him within its bounds. Man, from whom he deserved every thing, had persecuted and robbed him of all. He bade his friends and his family adieu for ever; he felt the tie which linked him to social life was broken. He took with him his rifle and a few necessities, and crossing the Ohio, pursued his track till he was two or three hundred miles in advance of any white settlement. As the territory north of the Ohio was taken possession of, and peopling fast from

the United States, he crossed the Mississippi, and plunged into the unknown and immense country on the banks of the Missouri, where the monstrous Mammoth is even now supposed to be in existence. On the shores of this mighty river he reared his rude log hut, to which he attached no idea of permanency, but held himself constantly ready to retire yet farther from civilized man, should he approach too near his desert solitude. With the exception of a son, who resided with his father, according to some accounts, but without any one, according to others, his dog and gun were his only companions. He planted the seeds of a few esculent vegetables round his fragile dwelling, but his principal food he obtained by hunting. He has been seen seated on a log at the entrance of his hut by an exploring traveller, or far more frequently by the straggling Indian. His rifle generally lay across his knees and his dog at his side, and he rarely went farther from home than the haunts of the deer and the wild turkey, which constituted his principal support. In his solitude he would sometimes speak of his past actions, and of his indefatigable labours, with a glow of delight on his countenance that indicated how dear they were to his heart, and would then become at once silent and dejected. He would survey his limbs, look at his shrivelled hands, complain of the dimness of his sight, and, lifting the rifle to his shoulder, take aim at a distant object, and say that it trembled before his vision; that his eyes were losing their power, rubbing them with his hands, and lamenting that his youth and manhood were gone, but hoping his legs would serve him to the last of life, to carry him to spots frequented by the game, that he might not starve. It does not appear that he talked much of the ingratitude of mankind towards him. He perhaps thought regret and complaint alike unavailing, and that his resolution of exiling himself in the back woods and the territories of the Indians was the best way of demonstrating the high-spirited contempt and indignation he felt towards his countrymen, by whom he had been so unjustly treated. Boon seems to have possessed a great mind; congregated men had treated him with injustice and with cruelty, considering his claims upon them; he sought not to retaliate his injuries on individuals—he felt not the passion of revenge, nor the wish to injure those who had in-

jured him irreparably, but he viewed social man with the scorn of ill-requited merit, and he determined to withdraw from his power. He felt that he could not be happy amid the heartless vices of society; that the desert and the forest, the Indian, the rattlesnake, and the Juager, were preferable associates; that they bore no feigned aspect of kindness while they were secretly plotting his destruction; that they rarely inflicted evil without just provocation; and that the uncontrolled child of Nature was a preferable companion to the executors of laws, which to him at least, however beneficial they might in some cases be to others, were most cruel and unjust.

Thus he passed through life till he was between eighty and ninety years of age, contented in his wild solitude, and in his security from injustice and rapacity. About a twelvemonth ago, it is reported, he was found dead on his knees, with his rifle cocked and resting on the trunk of a fallen tree, as if he had just been going to take aim, most probably at a deer, when death suddenly terminated his earthly recollections of the ingratitude of his fellow-creatures, at a period when his faculties, though he had attained such an age, were not greatly impaired. Boonsborough is now a thriving town, and its name will ever remain as a testimony of its founder's sufferings, and the conduct of his fellow-citizens towards him, in the midst of the freest nation of ancient or modern times.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SPANISH SONG,

TRANSLATED BY MR. BOWRING.

Come, let us eat and drink to-day,
And sing and laugh and banish sorrow,

For we must part to-morrow.

In Antrucjo's honor—fill
The laughing cup with wine and glee,
And feast and dance with eager will,
And crowd the hours with revelry,
For that is wisdom's counsel still—
To-day be gay—and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray
Will introduce the monster death—
There's breathing space for joy to-day,
To-morrow ye shall gasp for breath;
So now be frolicsome gay,
And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,

For we must part to-morrow.

London Magazine.

SERENADE.

As the stars are to evening
 Or sun to the day,
 Or blossoms to April,
 Or fragrance to May,
 Or dew to the flowers,
 Or showers to the green—
 Art thou to this bosom,
 My fair Geraldine.

And whilst Eve loves the star-light,
 Or April its bloom,
 Or Day the bright sun-rays,
 Or May its perfume;
 Whilst dews greet the flow'rets,
 Or showers tint the green—
 I'll love thee, I'll love thee,
 Thou fair Geraldine.

Ibid.

Select Biography.

(For the Mirror.)

THOMAS WOOLMAN.

The following brief notice relating to Thomas Woolman, a Minister of the Society of Friends, in North America, chiefly remarkable as an early and faithful advocate of the rights of the enslaved Africans, cannot fail of being interesting. Thomas Woolman was born at Northampton, in Burlington county, West New Jersey, in the year 1720. Going on an errand (when a child) to a neighbour's, he observed that a robin quitted her nest at his approach, and flew about in alarm for her young ones. He stood and threw stones at her, till, being struck, she fell down dead. "At first," he says, "I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes, was seized with horror. I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she had been so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them: and after some painful considerations on the subject, I climbed up the tree, took all the young ones, and killed them, supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and perish miserably. I then went on my errand, but for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He, whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature: and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing, but being frequently and totally neglected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition." Of his opinions at one-and-twenty he writes thus:—"I was early convinced

in mind, that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learn to exercise true justice and goodness, not only toward all men, but also toward the brute creation. I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions,* but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people in every society, who truly loved God, were accepted of him." In early life he had engaged himself as clerk and assistant to a shopkeeper at a place called Mount Holly. His employer parted with a negress, and desired Woolman to write out a bill of sale for her. "The thing," says he, "was sudden, and although the thought of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures felt uneasy, yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our society, who bought her. So through weakness I gave way and wrote; but at the execution of it I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the friend, that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. This, in some degree, abated my uneasiness; yet, as often as I reflected seriously upon it, I thought I should have been clearer if I had desired to be excused from it, as a thing against my conscience—for such it was." Accordingly, on the next occasion, he took this second step. "A young man of our society," he proceeds, "spoke to me to write a conveyance of a slave to him, he having lately taken a negro into his house. I told him I was not easy to write it; for, though many of our meeting, and in other places, kept slaves, I still believed the practice was not right." Other cases followed, in which, being employed (as it appears for an adequate fee) to write the will of a neighbour or friend, he uniformly refused to be accessory to their bequeathing as property the persons of his fellow-men. "Deep-rooted customs," he observes, "though wrong, are not easily altered; but it is the duty of all to be firm in that which they certainly know is right for them." Such were the opinions and resolutions of this good man. Humanity is the highest attribute of our nature, and Rous-

* Locke says, "all men ought to maintain peace and the common offices of humanity and friendship in diversity of opinions."

seau says, "Man, be humane, it is thy first duty! be so to all states, all ages, to every thing that belongs to man. What signifies wisdom without humanity." Pennant, in his "Account of London," when mentioning the "Celebrated Tailors," says, "It was one of this meek profession, actuated by the religion of meekness, who first suggested the pious project of abolishing the slave trade. *Thomas Woolman*, a quaker and tailor, of New Jersey, was first struck with the thought, that engaging in the traffic of the human species was incompatible with the spirit of the Christian religion. He published many tracts against this unhappy species of commerce; he argued against it in public and private; he made long journeys for the sake of talking to individuals on the subject; and was careful himself not to countenance slavery, by the use of those conveniences which were provided by the labour of slaves. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York, in 1772, sickened of the small-pox, and died Oct. 7th, in sure and certain hopes of that reward which Heaven will bestow on the sincere philanthropist." Here we see an individual, who in a humble and lowly sphere of life, elevated his nature by his philanthropy, shewing that

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

P. T. W.

Useful Domestic Hints.

To render Shoes Water-proof.—Mix a pint of drying oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of turpentine, and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch, carefully over a slow fire. Lay the mixture, whilst hot, on the boots or shoes with a sponge or soft brush; and when they are dry lay it on again and again, until the leather becomes quite saturated, that is to say, will hold no more. Let them then be put away, and not be worn until they are perfectly dry and elastic: they will afterwards be found not only impenetrable to wet, but soft and pliable, and of much longer duration.

To clean Plated Articles—Take an ounce of killed quicksilver, and half a pound of the best whitening sifted; mix them with spirits of wine when used.

To extinguish Fire in a Chimney.—Put a wet blanket over the whole of the front of the fire-place, which will stop the current of air, and so extinguish the flames.

A Varnish for Wood that will resist the action of Boiling Water.—Take a pound and a half of linseed oil, and boil it in a copper vessel, not tinned, suspending in the oil a small linen bag, containing five ounces of litharge and three ounces of minium, both pulverised, taking care that the bag does not touch the bottom of the vessel. Continue the ebullition till the oil acquires a deep brown colour; then take out the bag, and substitute another bag containing a clove of garlic. Continue the ebullition, and renew the garlic seven or eight times, or else put the whole in at once. Then throw into the vessel a pound of yellow amber, after having melted it in the following manner. To a pound of well pulverised amber add two ounces of linseed oil, and place the whole on a strong fire. When the fusion is complete, pour it boiling hot into the prepared linseed oil, and let it continue to boil for two or three minutes, stirring it well. Let it rest, decant the composition, and preserve it, when cold, in well-stopped bottles. After having polished the wood on which this varnish is to be applied, the wood is to have the desired colour given to it; for example, for walnut tree, a slight coat of a mixture of soot with oil of turpentine. When this colour is perfectly dry, lay on a coat of varnish with a fine sponge, in order to distribute it equally. Repeat these coats four times, always taking care to let one coat dry before the next is applied.

Preserving Vinegar for Domestic Purposes.—Cork it up in glass bottles, set them on the fire with cold water, and as much hay or straw as will prevent them from knocking together: when the water nearly boils, take off the pan, and let the bottles remain in the lee a quarter of an hour. Vinegar thus prepared never loses its virtue though kept many years, or occasionally left uncovered, and is peculiarly suitable for pickles.

Hambro' Pickle.—The following has been found to preserve meat most effectually in hot as well as cold climates: Six pounds of salt, eight ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of salt-

petre; dissolve these by boiling them in four gallons of water. In this pickle, when perfectly cold, keep any sort of fish or meat sunk and stopped close.

Method of restoring Life to the apparently Drowned.—Avoid all rough usage. Do not hold up the body by the feet, or roll it on casks, or rub it with salt, or spirits, or apply tobacco. Lose not a moment. Carry the body, the head and shoulders raised, to the nearest house. Place it in a warm room. Let it be instantly stripped, dried, and wrapped in hot blankets, which are to be renewed when necessary. Keep the mouth, nostrils, and the throat, free and clean. Apply warm substances to the back, spine, pit of the stomach, arm-pits, and soles of the feet. Rub the body with heated flannel, or warm hands. Attempt to restore breathing, by gently blowing with bellows into one nostril, closing the mouth and the other nostril. Keep up the application of heat. Press down the breast carefully with both hands, and then allow it to rise again, and thus imitate natural breathing. Continue the rubbing, and increase it when life appears, and then give a tea-spoonfull of warm water, or of very weak wine, or spirits and water warm. Persevere for six hours. Send quickly for medical assistance.

Writing Ink.—A gentleman of chemical science (Dr. Lewis) published a recipe for making ink many years ago, avowedly for the purpose of rendering documents written with it permanently legible. The common recipe for making ink has long been half-a-pound of galls, the same quantity of copperas, and a quarter of a pound of gum arabic, to a gallon of water. He considered the proportion of galls too little, and that of copperas too great; rendering the writing liable to become yellow by age, the mineral overpowering the vegetable; he therefore diminished the proportion of the former, and increased that of the latter, adding another colouring ingredient: this recipe is as follows:—'Boil a $\frac{1}{2}$ of a pound of logwood chips in a gallon of water, for 10 or 15 minutes, and pour it boiling hot upon $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of galls coarsely powdered. Let them stand, three or four days, stirring them sometimes with a stick. Pour the liquor off clear, and add to it copperas and gum arabic of each four ounces.'

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

Epitaph on a Coal-Merchant.

Here lies underneath,
A rogue, Harry Keith;
A deep and a bad soul,
Who dealt much in sad coal.
He now teaches sly nick
Many a high trick,
Improving in evil,
His namesake, the D—l.

Epitaph on a Tomb-stone at Ditchling, in Sussex.

Below lyes for sartin,
Honest old Harting;
And snug close beside un,
His fat wife, a wide one.
If another you lack,
Look down and see Jack;
And farther a yard,
Lyes Charles who drank hard.
And near t'un is Moggy,
Who never got groggy,
Like Charles, and her father,
Too abstemious the rather,
And therefore popp'd off,
In a tissickey cough.
Look round now and spy out
The whole family out.

CONTRARY TRADES.

Through Lincoln's Inn, as Mordecai was crying,

"Old clothes! old clothes! clothes!
clothes to sell; old clothes!

It chanced old Pouncet too that way
was prying,

Wig on his pate, and spectacle on
nose.

Beneath his arm was slung his trusty
bag,

The green depot of Masters' briefs
and speeches;

Which made the Jewman cry (a merry
wag)

Any *old clothes* to sell, shoes, hats,
or breeches.

"Thou fool of Hagar's offspring,"
Pouncet cries.

"Think'st thou I sell old clothes,
thou worst of brutes,

Here on these papers squint thy sooty
eyes,

These papers, Israelite, are all *new
suits*."

"I came straight from London,"
said a crooked little lady in answer to
a question put to her. "Did you," said
a Cambridge wag, "then you must
have been confoundedly warped by the
way."

IMPROMPTU.

Written in the Chapel of Waterloo.

One word, one little word will tell
How Britons fought, how Britons fell;
One word, one little word, will do
To mock oblivion—*Waterloo.*

A NEW DUET; OR, SOMETHING
PRETTY.

"My wife," says Dick, "loves gin so
dear,
She sings its praise aloud;"
"And mine," said Ned, "if gin was
near,
Would warble in her shroud!"
"Dear souls," cried Dick, "then let
them drink,
To stint them were a pity;
Besides, a *shroud duet*, I think,
Is *new*, and something pretty!"

BAD NEWS.

"Come tell me," says Jack, "since I
last went to sea,
How sister and dad have gone on?
I left them, I thought, rather making
too free,
And something like *honesty gone.*"
"Dear Jack," exclaim'd Tom, "it is
true what you say,
And things have gone *awkward* on
shore;
For sister was *hung* on the last hang-
ing-day,
And father the *twelvemonth be-
fore.*"

EPIGRAM ON A COQUETTE.

To be long'd for and talk'd of, fair
Flora's intent,
To be spy'd all the day, and to spy;
Like the man in the Edystone she would
consent
To live in a lantern and die.

CASCADE.—Upon one of the branches
of the Oroonoko is so large a cascade,
that the noise the fall of the water
causes is said to surpass that of one
thousand bells ringing together at one
time.

Since the discovery of the new world,
our English gardens have produced
2345 varieties of trees and plants from
America, and upwards of 1700 from
the Cape of Good Hope, in addition to
many thousands which have been
brought from China, the East Indies,
New Holland, various parts of Africa,
Asia, and Europe; until the list of
plants now cultivated in this country
exceeds 120,000 varieties.

GARRICK AND STERNE.—Sterne, who
used his wife very ill, was one day
talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental
manner, in praise of conjugal love and
fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne,
"who behaves unkindly to his wife, de-
serves to have his house burnt over his
head." "If you think so," said Gar-
rick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

When the right of the French King's
Veto was so warmly agitated in the
General Assembly, the *canaille* of
Paris bawled about the streets, "no
Veto!" "no *Veto*!" Mirabeau one
day accosted a woman who was vocifer-
ating those magic words:—"What is
the meaning of this *Veto*, (said he)
about which the people are talking so
much? I am a stranger in Paris and do
not understand it." "Oh, sir, (said the
itinerant politician,) *it is a tax upon
sugar*;" and on she went, exclaiming
as loudly as before, "no *Veto*! no
Veto!"

EPITAPH

*On an old couple who lived together
fifty years, and are buried in Hurst
Church-yard, in Sussex.*

In sunny days, in stormy weather,
In youth, in age, we clung together;
We liv'd and lov'd, and laugh'd and
cried
Together: and together died.

SIR NICHOLAS BACON.—Queen Eliza-
beth made him Lord Chancellor and
Secretary of State. The Queen, when
she visited him at Hertford, said,
"This house is too small for a man like
you."—"Madam," replied the Chan-
cellor, "it is your Majesty's fault, for
you have made me too large for my
house."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. B. Thompson is by no means
forgotten, and her request shall certainly
be attended to in our next, when we
hope to do justice to some old and neg-
lected Correspondents.

The article on Surnames was inad-
vertently inserted in part of the impres-
sion of our last Number, which had pre-
viously appeared in the *Mirror*.

We shall be glad to hear again from
X. Y. Z.

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